

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

XI.—HANLAN'S ISLAND AND OTHER RESORTS.

In the "heated term" there is probably no pleasanter spot near the metropolis of Ontario than Hanlan's Island on which to pass a few hours and quaff deep draughts of cool, pure lake air.

There are several ways of reaching the Island from the city; there are numerous ferry boats—and these are a ferry good means of crossing the intervening wet; there are row boats innumerable, and, if the visitor prefer it, he may swim across, or, with sufficient faith, he might possibly walk over the water, though this element is stated on good authority to afford but a poor foot-hold, and to be very yielding beneath a heavy man. Possibly the pleasantest method of making the trip would be to step down to Harry Hodson's Brock Street Wharf boat-house and hire a small sailing boat: Enrico Hodsonio himself, though bearing a name strongly suggestive of Andalusia, is a typical Saxon, his tawny beard and sky-like eyes proclaiming his direct descent from the renowned Hereward: his manners are of the most suave and polished description, and his boats are unequalled for safety and comfort, and he is ever willing to dead-head a newspaper man when out of funds—and when are the members of this fraternity otherwise?

However, let us get to the Island by some means or other. Arrived there the visitor is immediately struck with the fact that, though this resort is frequented by Toronto's elite aristocracy, it is a mighty low place to come to: so low, in fact, that a wave of more than Lilliputian dimensions might be considered capable of swamping it from stem to stern. Up to date the Lake has waived this ceremony and the Island remains *in statu quo*.

Hanlan's Hotel stands pre-eminently imposing and close to the shore of the Bay on one side and to that of the Lake on the other. Since his return from Australia, the ex-champion is reported to be much dissatisfied with its position. A gentleman enquired his reasons for this dissatisfaction and the ingenious Ned at once confessed that it was a little too near the Beach.

A feature of the Island in summer is the large number of tents of campers-out. To a person who really enjoys having his night's rest broken by the stings and harrows of outrageous mosquitoes, and who prefers his food seasoned with a beautiful supply of sand, this charming spot affords unlimited satisfaction in these respects. It is said good Conservatives who have gone to camping-out on the Island, have, at the end of the season, been *Grit* through and through.

Then, the Island boasts the Wiman Baths. Wiman is the name of the donor of the baths, it may be mentioned, and not an illiterate way of spelling "women," as some members of the British Association supposed. The name "Swimming Baths" is a misnomer, as they are quite stationary, and it is the people who frequent them that do the swimming. The patrons of these baths are very numerous and of all classes, and some of the younger people appear to pass most of the summer season in the waters of Lake Ontayreco, Ontayreco. One individual, in particular, seems to be *always* there, and has gained the *sobriquet* of the "Tallow Chandler"—the reason being that he makes so many "dips." He, though a strong advocate of cold water, may be termed a veritable "dip"-somaniac.

Possibly there is no pleasure resort near Toronto so well adapted in summer for peeling the cuticle off the visitor's nasal organ as the Island: here we see a symbol, as it were, of the majesty of the law; the sun's rays and the visitor's nose being respectively the Peeler and the Beak. Though the sun has a pretty

fair reputation, as a general thing, he certainly plays a very bad "skin game" indeed, over on Hanlan's Island on a hot day in July or August. Occasionally a warm, close, "fuggy" sort of breeze sweeps over the Island, and this is said to be even more potential than the sun in altering the complexion of visitors. This breeze is reported to be very similar to the desert simoons, and a gentleman, well versed in New Testament lore, always refers to it as "Simoon the Tanner."

As the visitor steams back to the city per ferry, leaving someone else to return the sailboat to Enrico Hodsonio at Brock Street Wharf, he will be struck by the myriads of dead fish floating on the surface of the bay. These small shad are supposed, by the majority of people, to have come to their death through straying from their accustomed water to a different locality, and this is a very comforting supposition: the true cause of their demise, however, is the poisonous sewage in the Bay—the water the citizens delight to quaff whilst they talk about "their noble body of water." If they termed it "water of considerable body" they would be nearer the mark, for verily it is a semi-solid and opaque fluid. And water that can cause the little shad to pass through the dark shad-der (!) cannot be fit for human imbibition. —S.

(To be continued.)



Mamie.—Why, Sadie, you have let your hair grow dark again. Last time I saw you it was a lovely blonde.

Sadie.—Yes, but you know I'm in mourning now for poor, dear papa. I'm not wearing light shades at all.

ESSAY ON THE EGG.



It is not exactly known when the egg was first invented, but it is probably a very long time ago. That it was known to the ancient Romans is certain as all historians agree in conceding that those doughty warriors, in their triumphal processions, were in the habit of forcing their vanquished enemies, captured on the field of battle, to pass under the yolk as a sign of humility and degradation. From this it would seem that the Egg was held in but poor estimation in olden times, and this feeling of contempt for it, even when it is venerable, still exists, at times, in the present day.

The principal use to which the Egg is now put is as an article of food. We are not in-

formed as to who was the first man that ever ate an egg, but he certainly deserves to rank, as far as courage and intrepidity are concerned, with that hero who first tackled an oyster. What a vast train of thought arises when we reflect that the first egg that was ever eaten might have chanced to have been a bad one! From that moment all eggs would have been condemned as the embodiment of loathsomeness and putridity, and would have been relegated to their apparently natural sphere of action as producers of fighting cocks and spring chickens. But the man who ate the first egg evidently hit upon a fresh one, and in this respect he was a doosid sight more lucky than the writer very frequently is in this respect.

Age has a beneficial effect upon port wine and mummies, and the more venerable these articles are, so much the greater is their value. But it is far different with eggs, and when once old age marks them for its own, they are of but little or no commercial value, and the only disposal that can then be made of them is to give them to the poor. Many a grocer has gained a reputation for charity through having benevolently presented some orphan asylum with a basket of eggs in the sere and yellow leaf, and then telling a newspaper reporter what he had done, with a hint to say nothing about it in his paper, of course maintaining the strictest secrecy concerning his true reason for making the presentation.

Nearly every physician of any prominence has given it as his opinion that the only edible portion of the Egg is the pith, and that the skin is decidedly indigestible. A practical experiment in this matter will convince the most sceptical that, in this case at least, the doctors are right—for a wonder. There is scarcely an article of food that some medical man will not condemn as unwholesome and deleterious; but in the case of the peel of the Egg all are agreed as to its pernicious effects upon the human system.

Probably there is nothing more contemptible in the universe than an egg that is no better than it ought to be, and the English language does not contain an epithet suggestive of greater depravity than that of "a bad egg." It is the fowlest term that can be applied to a man, and shows how very bad a bad egg must be.

History makes frequent mention of the Egg, and Christopher Columbus is said to have gained an immense reputation for smartness, and to have evinced his fitness to come out here and discover America (which, by the way, the poor benighted Indian had discovered centuries before him) by puzzling a body of *savants* by making an egg stand on its end. None of the wise men could do the trick, but Kit simply chipped the end and the thing was done, and he would have been an alderman or something for the feat if he had been as big a fool as the men whom he thus bamboozled.

Eggs occasionally form prominent features at elections and other social gatherings, though a man gains neither "kudos" nor "chic(k)" by being made the recipient of these tokens of the feeling of the Great Unwashed and others.

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It has been found in Spain that people living in the vicinity of soap-factories are exempt from cholera.—*Ex.* This is quite lye-kely. They wash themselves occasionally.